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ORIGINAL POETRY.

WINTER.

See! where the Summer's bloom  
Lies dead and cold in the snow,  
And the flowers of the spring  
Are buried in the ground below.

Three winter winds his veil  
O'er his cold face draw,  
And the trees of the forest  
Are shivering in the snow.

Shall Spring return no more,  
Glad as the birds are now,  
To sing and dance and play,  
And make the world a bower?

And to the children's play,  
Who in the snow are found,  
To build their castles high,  
And make the world a bower?

JUVENILE.

STANZAS.

By the softening moonbeams, when at midnight they  
Lay on the ivy-covered tower, and murmured low,  
And whispered o'er the eaves the softest words of love,  
And gazed along the path of the moonbeams.

There was no one so sweet, so happy as we;  
For our young hearts were beating with passion and  
Glee, and we loved to roam by the lonely night—  
Oh! we loved to roam by the lonely night—

The solemn wood-brook and the dew-dropping glade,  
And the moonbeams gleaming the stream in its shade;  
And the hill and the glen, and the tower we saw,  
And our hearts, unsuspicious, were loving above.

It was long, long ago—when Time's lapse had wrought  
A change in all things, but the dream of youth  
All alive in the earth, like a dead leaf, I say,  
While the world is dead, but her heart is in the day.

SELANGLER.

These occurred by the death of Miss LOUISA SCHAF-  
FER, who died on the 27th of December, 1824, in the  
thirtieth year of her age.

A beautiful flower, upon the hill  
And round a bush, the wind was still;  
The sun was low, the clouds were grey,  
And gazers' eyes to linger stay.

The soil in which this flower grew,  
Was often stained by sorrow's dew;  
And 'neath a briar's deadly shade,  
The lovely flower was made.

Life was the soil in which it grew,  
In all the glories of youth;  
But when the hour of death came,  
The flower was made to bloom above.

In Heaven it now is brightly seen,  
In all the glories of youth;  
It shines upon the happy soul,  
Of him who claimed it for his own.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.—No. 4.  
LORD OSGOOD'S DAUGHTER.

The wild youth, who her lovely hand  
And o'er her cheek the softest kiss  
Upon the turf—the misty air  
Upon the turf—the misty air

I watched her on the steepy hill,  
Her infant slumbered at her side,  
Until the golden sunbeams  
Came gaily over head and tide.

The web—and to her mother's breast,  
After seeking infant slumber's rest.

Swad, Oh! tell me, Lady fair,  
Why thou dost choose this cold damp bed,  
And why thy lovely infant lies  
Upon the turf—the misty air?

Where the wide and wide world  
Saw one young and fair as thou,  
But never experienced misery.

Stranger! you are come so lately  
Which in the distance rose so proud,  
Within the distance rose so proud,  
Within the distance rose so proud.

Where the wide and wide world  
Saw one young and fair as thou,  
But never experienced misery.

My love! to the battle sped,  
Sworn never that to the field yield,  
Alas! he slumbers with the dead—  
Upon the turf—the misty air.

My brother! was that he there,  
He would my drooping spirits cheer.

Then turn thee, Laura! now have I  
Returned from India's burning clime;  
Now dry those tears, a mother's sigh,  
'Tis thus the child's course of time.

Behold! thy brother—Sister cheer,  
No longer shalt thou wander here.

Oh! spare not from thy kindred breast,  
The I am weeping, my dear sister,  
The I am weeping, my dear sister,  
The I am weeping, my dear sister.

The I am weeping, my dear sister,  
The I am weeping, my dear sister,  
The I am weeping, my dear sister,  
The I am weeping, my dear sister.

Yes! thou shalt go—and speed with me,  
For we'll with thee I will be true,  
Until with thee I will be true,  
Until with thee I will be true.

Now open wide the Father's gates,  
All gladly welcome Edward there;  
To greet his son, his son and heir;  
But started—when with him before  
The fair child, expelled his door.

Why art thou here? the sister cried,  
Why art thou here? the sister cried,  
Why art thou here? the sister cried,  
Why art thou here? the sister cried.

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THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE NEW YEAR.

The accession of a New Year naturally awakens, in the contemplative mind, a train of new and unaccustomed thoughts; it is an incident well calculated to remind us of the lapse of time, which, at other periods, does not present itself so fairly to our view. The flight of time demands, for its due appreciation, a consideration more attentive than is commonly bestowed. Its grand divisions are marked by the motion of the heavenly bodies, which, as their movement is uniform, and the interval elapsing between their departure from one point to their return to the same is invariably, convey to the mind the most acute conception of a constant duration of existence. The length of our year is derived from the time which the earth requires to perform a complete revolution round the sun, and that of one day, from the time of a complete revolution round its own axis. Notwithstanding the truth of these facts, nothing is more common than incessant complaints concerning the irregularity of our allotted time. If time to some appears inconsistent, the explanation is not to be found in any alteration in the velocity of its flight, which has always been steady and uninterrupted; it is only to be sought for in those operations, both mental and corporeal, which interrupt that particular order of impressions by which alone an accurate conception of the passage of it is conveyed. The condition of happy existence possesses a well known tendency to efface those traces which time, in his career, always leaves behind; a life of happy tranquility, sweetened by contentment and moderation, and undisturbed by the asperities of disastrous misfortune, passes calmly on, from its commencement to its termination, without exciting, in the mind of its possessor, any vivid associations by which he can assign, precisely, all the data of its included incidents. In the same way would the course of the adventurous mariner, over the trackless ocean, be confounded amidst its conflicting waves—the lofty flight of the eagle, amidst the fleeting clouds. It would be as the gentle and delightful breeze, which, while it refreshes, detains the knowledge of its passage till its expiration—not like the rapid hurricane, which, on all sides, dealing death and devastation, leaves lasting memory of its occurrence. All the sorrows and trials of probationary existence—all the varied vicissitudes of human life, bring with them associations which mark well the period when suffered, and the duration of their existence—as the darkness of a gloomy night may be remembered by its gloom, and the frightful horror of an earthquake by its desolation.

JUVENILE.

There is something in the very act of prayer, that for a time, stills the violence of passion and elevates and purifies the affections. When affliction presses hard, and the weakness of human nature looks round, in vain, for support, how natural is the impulse that throws us on our knees before Him who has laid his chastenings upon us; and how secure, how encouraging is the hope that accompanies our supplication, for His pity! We believe that he who made us, cannot be unmoved with the sufferings of his creatures; and while sincerely asking his compassion, we almost feel that we receive it.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BORDER ORIGIN, OR THE LILY OF COMRIE.

From verse first begun.  
The difference that distinguishes man from man;  
He claims an title from descent or blood,  
But that which makes him noble, made him good.

The village of Comrie is pleasantly situated on the confluence of the Earn and Keelich; it is the centre of a sort of traffic between the neighbouring highlands and the low country; it boasted but of few houses, and most of them were of mean appearance, being chiefly inhabited by individuals dependant only for support on their own labour.

Having thus described the native village of those whose history I narrate, I will now introduce to my readers the heroine of my story: Alice Duncombe was the daughter of a weaver, who resided in the village of Comrie; her mother died in giving her birth, and Alice was the sole comfort of her widowed father, old Willie Duncombe. She therefore became the sole object of Willie's attention, and, in rearing the "tender plant," he bestowed upon her such an education as his narrow circumstances would permit. Alice had obtained the interesting age of sixteen, and the pure air of her native village had planted the rose of health upon her cheek, which bloomed there in all the rich luxuriance of nature. Her eyes of Heaven's own blue sparkled in youthful brilliancy, while the thousand smiles playing around her lovely mouth, and parting the coral-bud enclosure, disclosed a regular row of ivory teeth. She was not tall, yet the graceful symmetry of her figure was such as to excite just admiration. No wonder, then, that Halbert Macpherson loved her, and no wonder was it that Alice should reciprocate his affection; for, independent of a handsome person, Halbert's mind was noble, his heart tender and generous, and his character set at defiance "the envenomed tongue of calumny." He was an orphan, poor it is true, yet he was beloved by the poor though honest inhabitants of Comrie; and they all anticipated the arrival of the day, when the Lily of Comrie would be taken from the parent stem, to be transplanted in the luxuriant soil of undisputed affection.

Alice was taught to view her father as a god, implicitly to obey him, and when he told her that the poverty of her lower placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way of (at all events) their speedy union, she wept, but did not murmur. The traces of her tears were still visible when Halbert paid his accustomed evening's visit to the cottage of Willie

Duncombe, and it was with difficulty that Alice could suppress their renewal as she rose to greet her lover.

"What alas my Alice!" tenderly inquired the youth, "what has caused those tears? I have come a foe to melancholy; I have come with a heart beating big in the joyous hope that Willie this night will give me the hand of my Alice."

"Not give me Alice!" cried Halbert; "and why not Willie?"

"It is not a waste of heart that I answer ye, Halbert," replied the father; "but ye woe! ken that I ha'e nae siller to bestow on Alice for a bridal gift, and I ken that ye ha'e nae siller to bestow on your ain support."

"And is that all," said the lover, "and is that all, Willie Duncombe, that induces you to withhold your approbation to our union. Hear me, Willie! I am young, and am blessed with health and strength. I can, I will labour for the maintenance of us all, but do not delay my happiness until I shall have acquired a sufficiency."

"I must, Halbert," replied the old man; "it is my duty; I ken the heart of Alice, and she lo'es nae anither save your ainself, nor will she wed anither, if I judge right."

"Witness Heaven, that I will not," ejaculated Alice.

"Enough," cried Halbert; "farewell, Willie—farewell, Alice—never will I return, until I have wealth to share with thee. Remember, Alice, that Halbert was your first, your truest lover."

So saying, he rushed from the cottage, leaving first wildly clasped Alice in his arms, and imprinted on her lips the kiss of affection. The suddenness of the action had been too much for Alice; she sunk into the arms of her father, who kissed and blessed her with that fervency which always characterizes the kiss of an adoring parent.

The next morning, many and anxious were the inquiries for Halbert; he had not been at home since he left it on the preceding evening, and numerous conjectures were made as to the sudden precipitancy of his departure. As he forms the principal character in this tale, we will leave Alice and her parent, while we follow Halbert Macpherson.

A thick forest bordered the village of Comrie, which was supposed to be one of the retreats of the "border riders," who, at the period when the hero in narrated occurrence transpired, infested Scotland. It was a mode of life which promised our hero a more speedy accumulation of wealth than any other he could adopt. It was his soul recoiled at the idea of becoming a "borderer," yet the hope of soon abandoning it for the perpetual society of his Alice, urged him to the prosecution of this design. Determined, therefore, to learn whether the forest was in fact their retreat, he bent his steps that way. Having arrived there, he had not long explored his windings before a man of savage appearance approached him; from his dress, Halbert supposed him to be one of the band, and his suspicions were confirmed when he made the usual demand of robbers.

"If you are a Border man," said Halbert, "I crave your attention—I am one whom the storms of fortune have roughly assailed; and, determined no longer to be the sport of the fickle goddess, I come here with the desire of joining your band."

"Now hark ye, youngster," said the Borderer, "if you mean fair, why here's the hand of fellowship; but if you mean falsely, you shall have a few inches of cold steel beneath your jerkin, ere you can mutter an 'ave Marie.'"

Having assured the bandit of his sincerity, Halbert was conducted to the place where the whole band was assembled, to whom he was introduced as a new member, and Halbert became an associate of a band, which I can describe by quoting a few lines of my old friend, Shenstone—

"We'll bonnets bend an' cap-bands,  
And bid our weapons, broad and keen,  
In pity to the common farmer."

Halbert having assumed the dress of the "Men of the Border," entered assiduously into the duties imposed upon him by his new mode of life. Strange it is, that however repugnant the idea had been prior to his initiation, yet he soon became reconciled to it. So powerful an effect our different occupations have over our senses, we become eventually attached to them, although previously they have appeared irksome and disagreeable. So it was with Halbert; the life of a Scotch Border-riding presented to him a variety of charms; the convivial meetings of the band, the glee, the catch, and noisy minstrelsy of his companions delighted him, and he soon became, as he had formerly been the darling of the virtuous inhabitants of Comrie, the unrivalled favourite of the "Sons of the Border." Alice lived in his remembrance—"for her alone he wore the blue;" and he anxiously looked for the arrival of that day, when again he would return to Comrie, and with her he loved, proceed peacefully on the varying voyage of existence.

We will now return to the cottage of Willie Duncombe. A considerable period of time had elapsed since the departure of Halbert, and, although Alice had ample confidence in her lover, yet she thought, that to her he might have confided the secret of his residence for so long time. Age was wearing heavily on Willie, and his incidental diseases were gradually undermining his constitution. The affectionate Alice saw it, and his filial heart instantly took alarm; vain was the care and attention of the poor girl; age cannot contend with disease, and old Willie Duncombe died! Alice became an orphan—youth, timid and unprotected. She attended the remains of her well-loved parent to the last receptacle of man—she beheld the "narrow house" lowered into the grave—she saw the village pastor over the book, and prepare to read the service so heart-rending to the mourner, and when it was concluded, as one approached to lead her to take the last view, she shrieked, and breaking from the grasp, with the rapidity of the hunted deer forced her way through the crowd which attended the funeral, and fled towards the forest of Comrie. Astonishment transfixed all, and though many went in pursuit of the frenzied maiden, yet none were able to overtake her, and she returned to the village, despairing of ever again beholding the Lily of Comrie. Alice reached the forest, nourished grief had banished reason from its station, and the ravages that sorrow had made were perceptible in her pallid, yet still beautiful countenance. Three days she subsisted on the wild berries which grew abundantly in the forest; on the fourth, Halbert, who had strayed from his party, had

his attention arrested by a weak, yet melodious voice, chanting the following to a wild, though powerful air:

"I lay down from the vale of Comrie,  
To the mountains of Heaven's hill;  
My bed they've taken from me,  
Without consolation or kiss."

Where is the heart youth, to my heart now the nearest;  
Why does he not embrace the maid he held dearest?  
Return to me, Halbert, the youth I adore!  
My heart mine—my heart mine—my heart mine—

"No," said she, as she concluded; "they will never come again—Halbert! but why do I call him? Can the dead hear? No, no—no, foolish girl, they cannot hear—and he is dead—Gathered Halbert both dead and dead!"

"Mysterious Heaven!" thought Halbert, "can this poor wanderer be Alice?" Her language confirmed that which was previously but a mere supposition. Slowly advancing, he stood before Alice in his border dress, and drawing his bonnet over his face, accosted her—"What would you, lassie, in this dreary place," inquired our hero, endeavouring to conceal his agitation; "this is not a fit abode for a plant so tender as you seem."

"I am a plant," said Alice, "that has been borne down and broken by the tempest; but I don't wish to be a plant, and I want you, stranger, to show me how to be a plant, and I began once more a wild air, adapted to the following words:

She sang the grave, where death rest  
The heart will weep  
Until death gives her rest  
The heart will weep  
Until death gives her rest

"Alice!" pronounced Halbert.  
"Who calls me?" cried the unhappy girl;  
"It sounded like the voice of Halbert. Heaven, muck me not with fancies such as these."

"Alice!" again said Halbert, and he raised the bonnet which shadowed his features.  
"Again," cried Alice, "again I hear it—and, raising her eyes, the features of Halbert met them; she shrieked, and the extended arms of her lover received her.

Long and deep was the swoon of Alice; as she recovered, she beheld the bright eyes of Halbert looking fixed upon her.  
"Is it really Halbert that I see?" she exclaimed, and reason seemed returning in her speech—"It is really my Halbert that I see. Where have I been wandering, and how is it I met you in this dark forest, and in this guise?"

"Alice," said Halbert, "when we parted, I swore never to return, until I had wealth to support you. Since then, I have led a desperate life; but I have succeeded, and we will be happy, dear Alice."

"You have been on the Border, then, Halbert," said Alice, "you have been beaten with robbers?"

"It was to gain you, dearest," returned Halbert; "without you, life was burdensome—bitter were the pangs that pervaded my bosom, when I left you, to adopt a life so hazardous."

"Kind, kind Halbert," replied Alice; "but," added she, "can I clasp the hand of a—"

she paused.  
"I know what you would say, Alice," again returned Halbert; "but Heaven knows that the blood of human being hath never stained my hands; nor have the poor been oppressed by me. The Border-men have made me their chief; yet I will leave them forever, and return with thee, my Alice, to our peaceful native home."

"Our peaceful native home," echoed Alice; "alas, Halbert, it is not the home you left it; our father has gone down to the silent grave; Alice is alone in the world."

"Alone, Alice!" cried Halbert; "alone, with Halbert at your side! Come, cheer thee, my dearest. Hereafter, he it my care to protect my Alice; again shall I see the smiles of cheerfulness illumine thy brow, and the dark clouds of adversity shall break and vanish before the sun of our prosperity."

Having requested Alice to tarry for an instant, he darted into a thicket, but soon returned, having thrown off his border dress, and assuming that of a native Highlander. Taking the hand of Alice, he exclaimed—

"Farewell, Forest of Comrie—farewell, my brave and faithful comrades; rough as ye are, I would to be, Halbert Macpherson has experienced from you naught but kindness and affection. He blesses you at parting, and will often think upon you with gratitude."

Reclining upon her lover's arm, they left the forest, and once more bent their steps towards their native village. They reached it at sunset, and proceeded towards "Old Willie's cottage." It was deserted and cheerless; the oaken arm-chair of the old man stood before the broad and empty fire place; before it, on a stand, his Bible lay open. Alice burst into tears, as these objects brought the image of her venerated parent to her memory. The tender care of Halbert comforted her, and the wounds of sorrow were healed by sympathy and affection.

The news of their return soon spread through the village, and crowds came to greet their two favourites. Happiness smiled more upon Halbert and Alice, and, nourished by the unrelenting attentions of an adoring husband, the bloom of the Lily of Comrie continued to improve, until it reached the full luxuriance of its pristine loveliness.

ALANZOR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DESTRUCTIVE SHEETS.—No. II.

"By using every handle, of what size or shape were, which chance might lead to use in this journey, I was always in company."—ALANZOR.

We had now proceeded some few miles more on our journey, and the little travelling community of which I was a member enjoyed a state as perfectly quiescent as the nature of circumstances would permit; that is, each one had found an extraordinary support for as many members of his body as possible, and appeared to be either destitute or involved in thought, extremes which, like the ridiculous and the sublime, resemble each other so much, that we are often baffled in our decision. The novelty of the great noise was gone; nothing came to take its place, and our senses seemed all as dead to external perceptions, as the ears of Ulysses were to the allurements of the Sirens. As our carriage rolled quietly along, in accordance with the state of my mind, I found that we had gained the middle of a considerable clearing before I was aware of our having left the Pines. Immediately, on looking around me, there was a certain something in the coup d'oeil, that at once produced an impression of a peculiar kind. It was impossible to imagine any thing more lonely, more desolate, or more unsuitable, (if I may use the expression.) In short, exactly the reverse of those feelings that home, or the idea of home, awakens in the breast, were those that were produced by my inquisitive glance. The appearance of the ground seemed to say that it once had been tilled, but the hand of its cultivator is no more; the fields were all ridged where the corn had once stood; the fences were nearly all gone,

leaving a few straggling rails to mark out their former position, and here and there a solitary stake might be seen which had not yet fallen; the trees too had that rough, desolate appearance that marks them when growing in hedge-rows, and many were withering away; there was one in particular which had so mournful an appearance that it forcibly arrested my attention—though in the middle of summer, its leaves were slowly dropping to the ground, and many of its twigs were denuded of their foliage; it stood like a mourner o'er its natal soil. The house too, (if such it might be called,) agreed with the rest of the scene; 'twas formed of rough boards, and scarcely high enough to admit a man in an upright posture; it consisted of but one room—the earth its floor—no window was to be seen, nor did a chimney rise from its roof; near it stood the cellar of the original dwelling, the smoked walls of which, and the pieces of coal and burnt timber lying around, told plainly the tale of its destruction. What had once been the stable, still retained the name, though its "importance of office" was departed—its door was unhung—the figures between the logs of which it was built were unstopped, and no signs existed of its occupation. Whilst I observed all these things, I incontinently persuaded myself that some mystery was attached to them. Indeed this idea was almost confirmed by the want of that gradual decay which we are used to contemplate, and which reconciles the mind to its effects. It seemed as though the destroying angel had spread his dark wings over the spot, and blasted it. We stepped here for a short time, to give our horses some of the feed which we had brought with us; on alighting, the sterility of the place was, if possible, more apparent. My feet were scorched by the heated sand, and the struggling trees afforded no shelter from the burning sun; not a vestige of the recent cultivation was apparent, nor any thing (except a fowl or two) which promised assistance to the residents. At the corner of the house I, however, discovered from whence the principal articles of food were derived—the velvet antlers of a newly killed buck (of course out of season) were nailed to the log, and from a branch of the next tree a decapitated snapping-turtle was hanging, from which the blood yet flowed, drop by drop. On entering the house, which, as I have before noticed, consisted of but one room, I found every thing in union with the external appearance—a large chest and a rough bedstead formed the only seats—unwashed boards, laid across empty tin flour barrels, made an equivocal species of table, and very nearly the same contrivance for a shelf, with a gun and accoutrements, constituted the whole of the furniture and conveniences; on the bed reposed the figure of a man, apparently asleep, who, the woman that received us said, had but just returned home, having been gone since the preceding day, to fish in a distant pond. There being nothing about the place to excite a wish to stay, when the stage was ready we all gladly sprang in, and were again journeying on. My curiosity, as I have already stated, was considerably excited to know the story of the place, which I soon acquired from our driver, who, in common with most of his brethren of the whip, possessed a pretty good share of loquacity; a few words, however, served to satisfy my enquiry. The conduct of his wife had driven the late owner of the ground to suicide. When the mind, for a moment, concentrated in the contemplation of this crime, a secret horror pervaded the breast, and we were loath to accord reason a share in the deed—for, 'tis one so revolting to her pure precepts, that the mild light she gives only develops new deformities—deformities which would forever connect the memory of suicide with our most cherished associations, were it not that pity softened their asperities, and, like a thin cloud, enabled us to gaze where otherwise we could not have looked—for, who can hear of a suicide and his pitifully dormant? When the slow hand of disease had laid a fellow creature in his grave, sickness has soothed us to the event; life was misery, and death its cure; we view it but as the natural fulfilment of the unalterable decree of Providence. The efforts of our friends—the recollection of the good qualities of the deceased, and the consoling thought, previous to, and after death, all the faithful, indicated by love or friendship were faithfully performed, calm our worried spirits, and we become resigned to the loss. But the poor suicide—his form rushes into our minds, unaccompanied by that bright halo which friendship and love fling even around the grave; there is no kind hand to hang around his tomb the mantle which shall screen its deformities. But we view it in all its ghastliness, and we must pity the poor creature who sinks into it; we know not what he has suffered—what endured; but we feel he had lived until that moment, when

"Human thought becomes a gloomy ruin." Imagination is ready to paint him a homeless wanderer, (at least in heart,)—lone, friendless, and forsaken—no affectionate hand to cool his burning temples—no hope to brighten his hollow eye. We ask not the cause; though it were self-created, we still pity; for he has been his own executioner, and has ceased to offend; his soul has gone to face its only Judge, and we feel that man's judgment of his unfortunate fellows should be merciful. However much our reason may condemn self-destruction, still such are the feelings which which most of us contemplate the grave of a suicide, even when his own deeds have hurried him to the dreadful act. What are they, then, when we find the faults of others have produced the fatal result—for, 'twas so in the case I had just been told of. The hand which should have woven the film of his attachment to life, had blasted his prospects on earth. Home's smile was gone; gloom took its place, and she who had once formed its sole attraction, had made it wretched. As long as the heart is untouched, a gleam of comfort may often break through a cloud of sorrow, but when that last hold of lingering hope is sapped, light flies the scene, and all is dark. I fancied the poor suicide who had caused these thoughts, wandering o'er his little farm, heart-broken and forlorn; his fields had ceased to interest him—his fences had fallen down—wild weeds were springing around; he saw them not; his horse grazed quietly—the plough staid in the half-finished furrow—his eye played gaily around these were nothing new to him; a sigh welled his bosom—his temples throbbed wildly, and his eye glared in despair at the rope which he had extended to the tree. I cannot tell how much further my fancy might have traced the picture; for at this moment one of my fellow travellers was seized with an irresistible propensity to sneeze, which he executed in such a vociferous and sonorous manner, as to destroy the whole chain of my

thoughts, and completely to remove me from the apparent lethargy into which I had sunk—for I found I was just in time to see the commencement of a story, that he of the smiling nose was about to tell, which he did in substance, though not in detail, as follows.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
DESTRUCTIVE SHEETS.—No. I.  
I'll publish right of away!  
Even my own sheet—no more to say.

Pollies to which man is unavoidably exposed, from the weakness of his nature, and some excuse, and, if looked upon with a candid eye, will appear rather to demand sympathy than to deserve our censure. Independent expressions, and even imprudent actions, are not always to be guarded against, and they will to be corrected by salutary treatment, and honest advice, from the propriety of nature, and the necessity of social severity. But there are certain degrees of folly, which, as they are the effect of a faulty and uncorrected pride, deserve the look of ridicule, and are unworthy of the forbearance of satire. Of this class, there is one which cannot but be conspicuous, both from its absurdity and the numbers that are addicted to it. I mean, when a person pretends to an entire knowledge of those things that he is totally unacquainted with, and a classical familiarity with authors that he has never seen. If a writer, from merit, or any other cause, acquires a great name, (the only thing requisite with this kind of people,) some are more ready than they are to sound the "trump of his fame," and crown him with the immortal laurels of literature; they pay implicit attention to his name, and every opinion mentioned by him, is received without a doubt, or hesitating dissent. A host of the highest economists bestowed upon the world from Virgil, by persons who knew not Latin from Virgil, and Homer idolized by those who could not have distinguished the Greek characters from the Hebrew. They have heard the names of those poets mentioned with respect—they may have read of the excellency of their performances; from this they conclude that they are authors who have made some "noise in the world," and to appear ignorant of them would, in their opinion, lessen their own consequence, and mortify their pride. Their readiness of invention, in getting out of "scrapes," to which they are ever exposed, and rectifying the blunders they are continually making, is truly surprising. Folly and conceited ignorance may divert for a while, but they invariably, in a short time, disgust, and will conclude No. 1, with a quotation from a dictionary, and a sentence from Webster. Whatsoever thou hast observed that arrests thy detestation or contempt, that avoid." &c.

THE LADIES' FAIRNO.

PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE COSTUME.

1. The first principle of costume is that of a loose drapery, which adjusts itself partly by hanging and partly by a wrapping around the figure, and is preferable to the tighter dress, which is chiefly adjusted by its make and form.

2. A loose drapery is always cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and at both seasons has adapted to transmit sudden changes of temperature than a tight dress.—This reason regards utility.

3. A loose drapery may always be disposed either beautifully or grandly; a tight dress is always ugly, and generally ridiculous.—This reason regards expression.

4. Another principle of costume is, that, as all objects, when enlarged above and diminished inferiorly, have like the inverted pyramid, an air of lightness, and the effect of lines which oppositely constructed—so the human figure, when enlarged above and diminished inferiorly by the mode of costume, has the appearance of lightness; and that of heaviness when differently dressed.

Hence, as already observed, the small head dress and enormous train characterize the more stately dame, while the large hat or bonnet, and shorter dress, distinguish the livelier girl.

In entering upon a critical examination of female costume, and especially of that of the present day, it ought to be observed, that it acquired its general character soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, when the imitation of the Grecian models assumed great popularity. It was then that the former stiff and awkward dress was laid aside for one of superior ease and gracefulness, and more consonant to nature. In its general character, the dress has continued till the present time, and the chief point in which it has, at this period, varied, has been the elevation or depression of the waist. It has occasionally been high, low, or intermediately placed; and it is evident that the intermediate place is alone either natural or becoming.

The investments of the whole figure which are most commonly used are slawls or scarfs. The shawl is adapted only for tall and thin figures, but it admits of no very fine effects even for them, while it is ruinous to shorter and en-bon-point figures, however beautifully formed.

The scarf is better adapted for all figures; it corresponds exactly to the *peplum* of the ancient Grecian women, and it admits of the same expressive arrangements.

A person having an oval face may wear a bonnet with a wide front, exposing the lower part of the cheeks. One having a round face should wear a closer front; and if the jaw is wide, it may in appearance be diminished by bringing the corners of the bonnet sloping to the point of the chin.

The Scottish bonnet seems to suit youth alone. If a mixture of archness and of innocence do not blend in the countenance which wears it, it gives a Theatrical and bold air.

Hats always give a masculine look; and those turned up before give a pert air.

A long neck may have the neck of the bonnet descending, the neck of the dress rising, and filling more or less of the intermediate space. A short neck should have the whole bonnet short and close in the perpendicular direction, and the neck of the dress neither high nor wide.

Persons with narrow shoulders should have the shoulders or epaulettes of the dress formed on the outer edge of the natural shoulder, very full, and both the bosom and back of the dress running in oblique











